

MAGIC LANTERNS

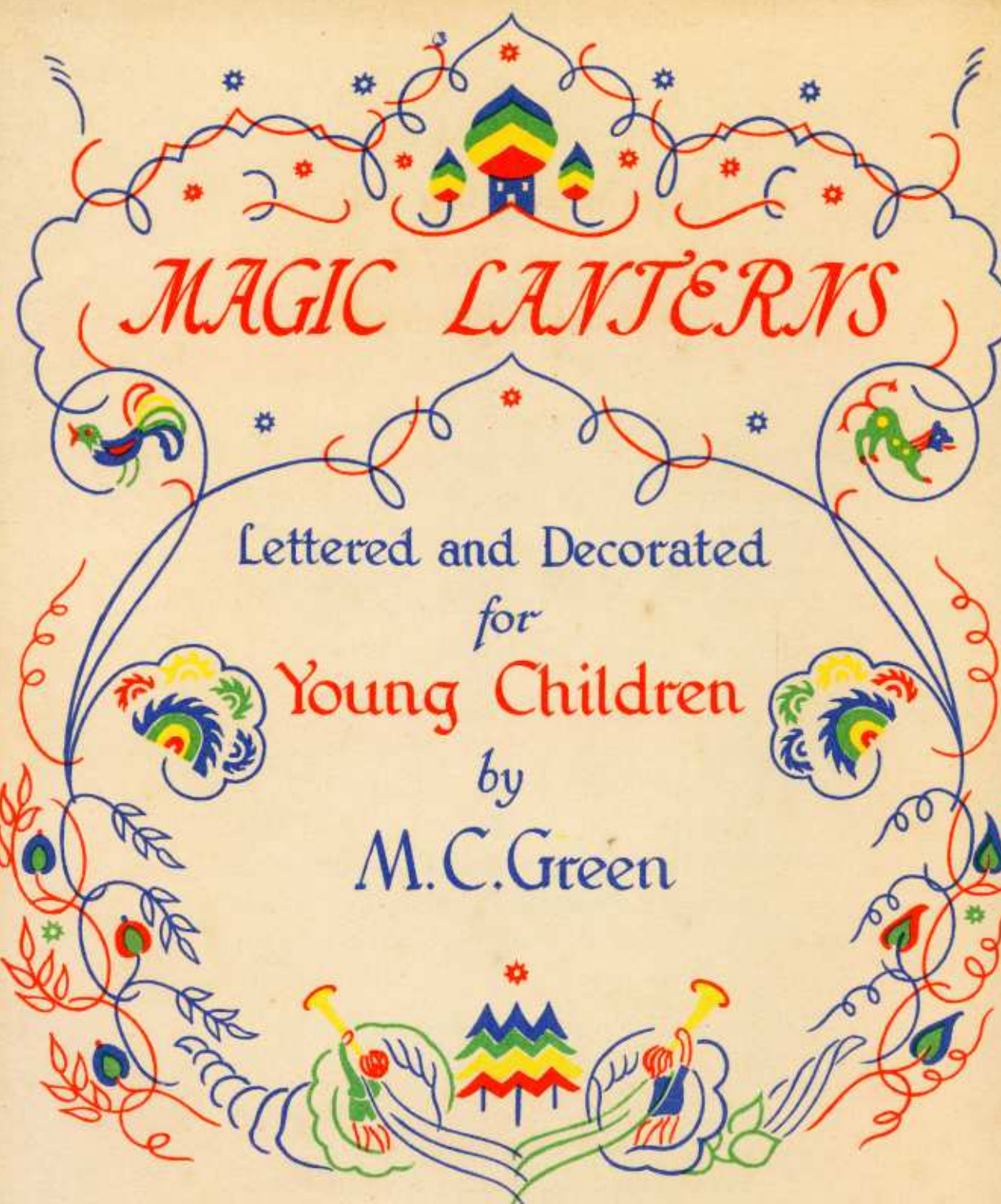


by
M.C. GREEN

MAGIC LANTERNS



Uniform with this volume
STARS and PRIMROSES
for older children



MAGIC LANTERNS

Lettered and Decorated
for

Young Children

by

M.C.Green

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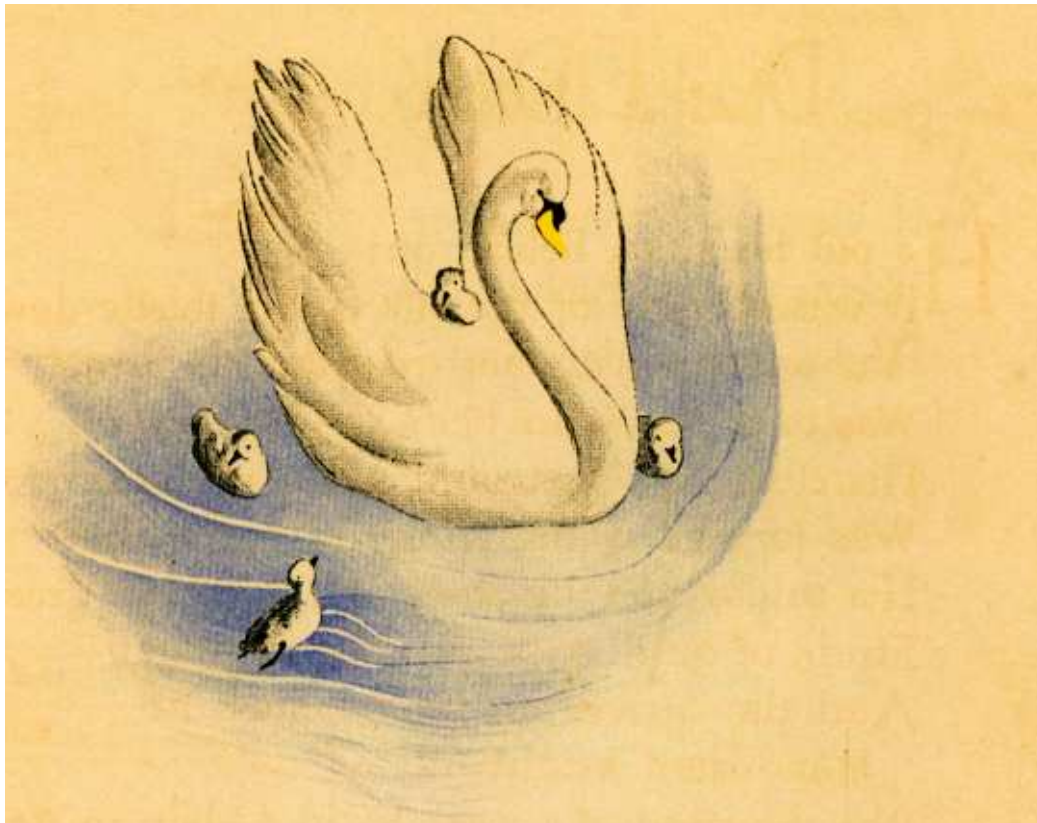
An Elfin Knight

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast—
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies—;
His shield was the shell of a ladybird green,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he
brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

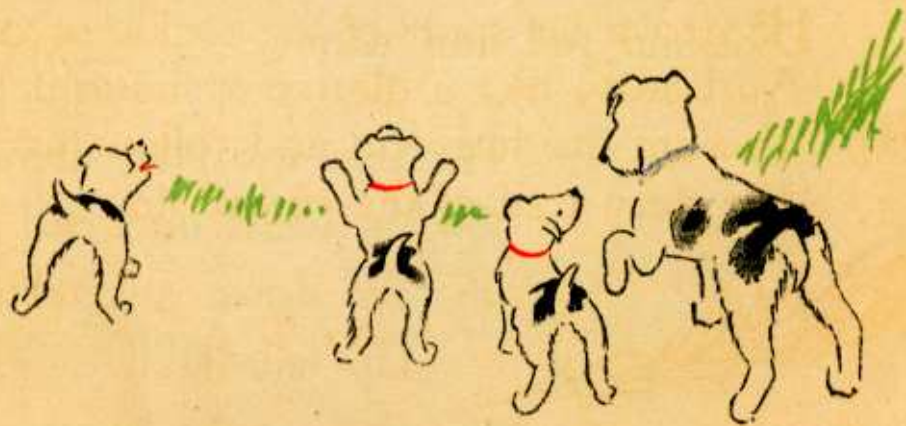
Swift he bestrode his firefly steed—;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed—,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far—
The fiery trail of the rocket star.

JOHN RODMAN DRAKE





Birds and Animals



from **Ducks' Ditty**

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills all out of sight
Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth
Where the roach swim -
Here we keep our larder
Cool and full and dim!

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call -
We are down a-dabbling
Up tails all!

KENNETH GRAHAME

from The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice—?

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE



Furry Bear



If I were a bear—
And a big bear too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or sned;
I shouldn't much mind
If it snowed or friz—
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!



For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all winter in a big fur bed_____.

A. A. MILNE

from The Moo-Cow-Moo

The moo-cow-moo has a tail like rope,
An' it's ravelled down where it grows,
An' it's jest like feelin' a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.



The moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Jest swingin' its tail about,
But ef he opens his mouth, I run
Cause that's where the moo comes out.

EDMUND VANCE COOK



The Blackbird



In the far corner,
close by the swings,
every morning—
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow,
his coat's so black,
that he makes a fellow
whistle back—.

Ann, my daughter,
thinks that he—
sings for us two
especially.

HUMBERT WOLFE

from **Birds, Beasts and Fishes**



The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The Cow — her hoof is slit —;
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
The Lapwing cries 'Peewit' —



The little Wren is very small,
The Humming — bird is less;
The Lady — bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress...



The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots,
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.



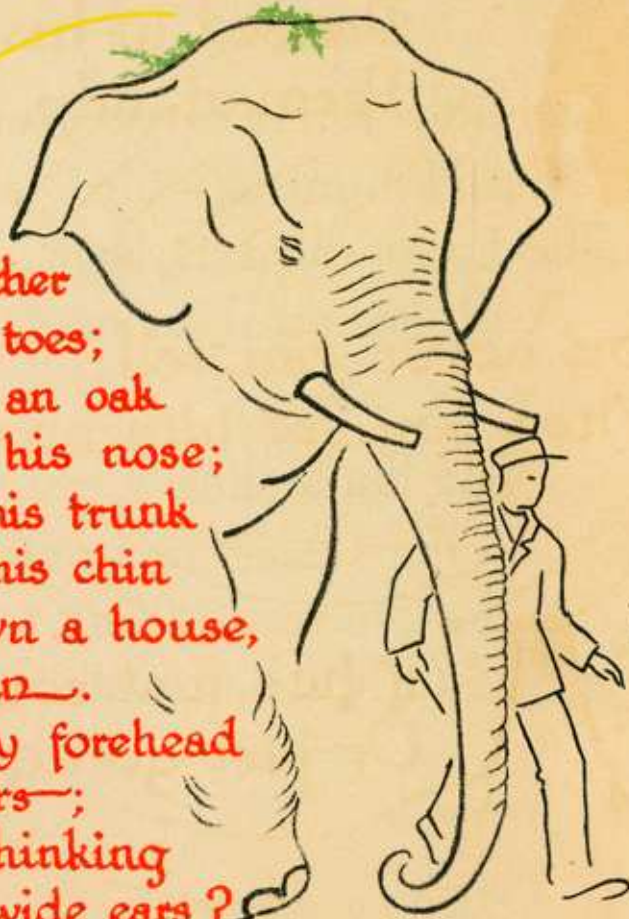
ADELAIDE O'KEEFE

THE ELEPHANT

Here comes the elephant
Swaying along
With his cargo of children
All singing a song:
To the tinkle of laughter
He goes on his way,
And his cargo of children
Have crowned him with may.



His legs are in leather
And padded his toes;
He can root up an oak
With a whisk of his nose;
With a wave of his trunk
And a turn of his chin
He can pull down a house,
Or pick up a pin.
Beneath his grey forehead
A little eye peers;
Of what is he thinking
Between those wide ears?



HERBERT ASQUITH

ENIGMA SARTORIAL

Consider the Penguin.
He's smart as can be —

Dressed in his dinner clothes
Permanently.

You never can tell,
When you see him about,

If he's just coming in
Or just going out!

LUCY W. RHU

from **Pussy Can Sit By The Fire**



Pussy will rub my knees
with her head

Pretending she loves me hard;

But the very minute

I go to my bed

Pussy runs out in the yard,

And there she stays

till the morning-light;

So I know it is only pretend;

But *Binkie* he snores at my feet

all night,

And he is my Firstest Friend!



RUDYARD KIPLING

Children



Bunches of Grapes

Bunches of grapes," says Timothy——;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine; ~ ~ ~
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.



"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy——;
"Primroses pale," says Elaine; ~ ~ ~
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.



"Chariots of gold," says Timothy——;
"Silvery wings," says Elaine; ~ ~ ~
"A bumpity ride in a waggon of hay
For me," says Jane.



WALTER DE LA MARE

The Child and The Paint-Box

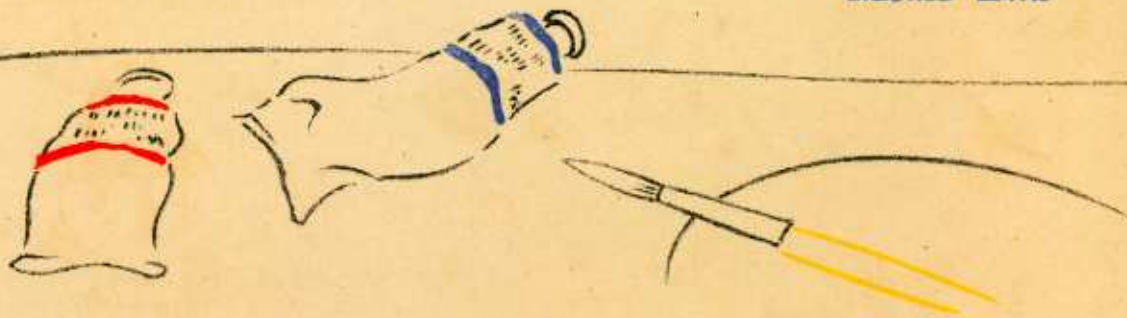
 Outside my window I can see
Frozen pond and naked tree;



The paths are neatly swept of snow
That I may walk there, to and fro.
But I shall stay indoors instead
And paint these pictures blue and red,
Burnt sienna and Vandyke brown,
Crimson lake for the lady's gown;
The King is yellow beside the Queen
In flounces of beautiful ultramarine.
I'll paint the prince and courtiers too
With lots of scarlet and Prussian blue,
With jewels and peacocks as bright as you please,
And oranges growing on all the trees.



EILUNED LEWIS





The Dunce

Why does he still keep ticking?

Why does his round white face
Stare at me over the books and ink,
And mock at my disgrace?

Why does that thrush call, 'Dunce, dunce, dunce!'

Why does that bluebottle buzz?

E Why does the sun so silent shine? -

And what do I care if it does?



WALTER de la MARE

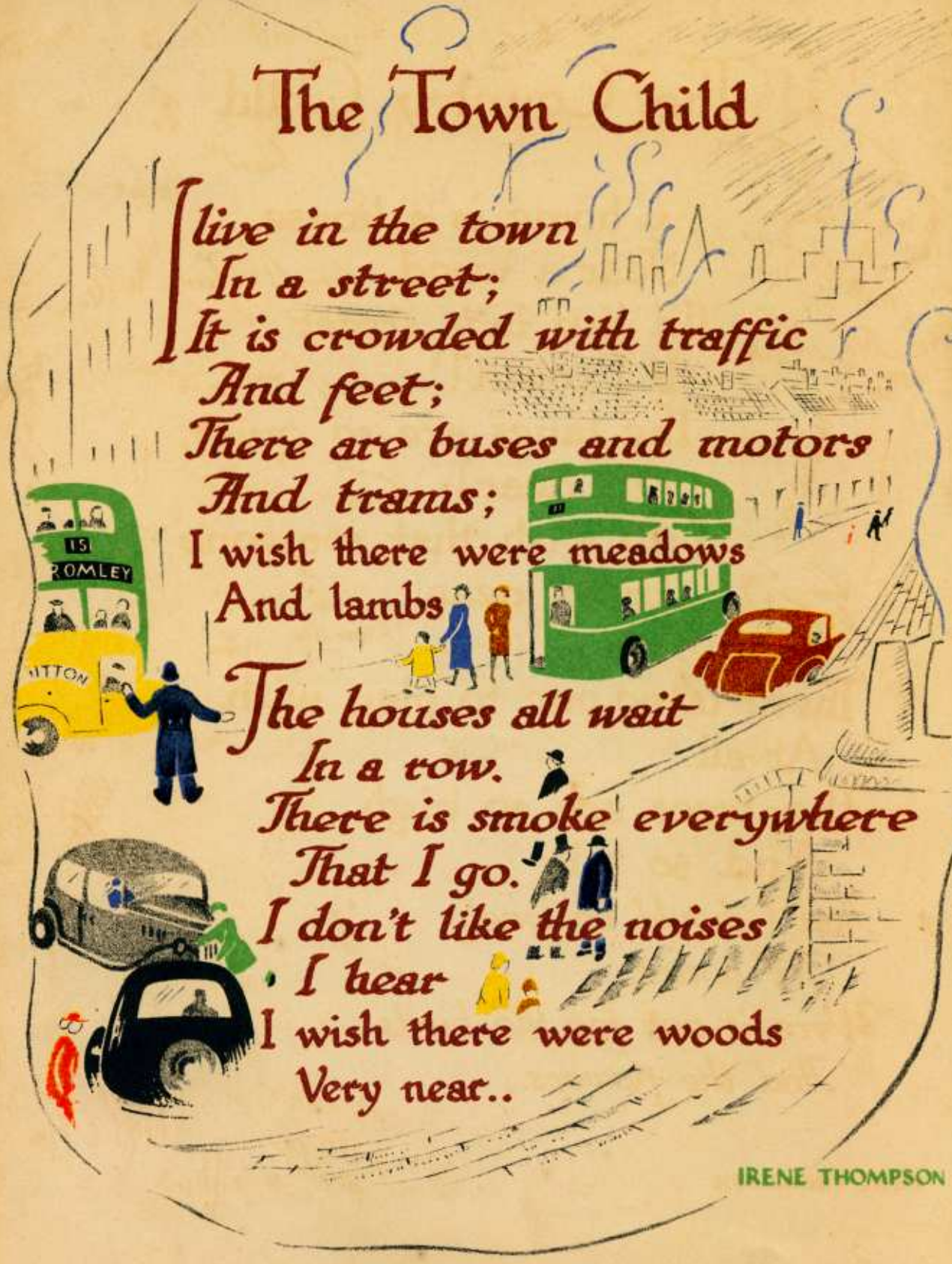
Bread and Cherries

Cherries, ripe cherries!
The old woman cried,
In her snowy white apron,
And basket beside;
And the little boys came,
Eyes shining, cheeks red,
To buy bags of cherries
To eat with their bread.



WALTER de la MARE

The Town Child



I live in the town
In a street;
It is crowded with traffic
And feet;
There are buses and motors
And trams;
I wish there were meadows
And lambs

The houses all wait
In a row.
There is smoke everywhere
That I go.
I don't like the noises
I hear
I wish there were woods
Very near..

IRENE THOMPSON

A child's drawing in red and blue ink on aged paper. It depicts a landscape with tall, thin trees on the left and right sides. At the bottom center, there is a small house with a chimney. The text of the poem is written in the center, with some words underlined. The overall style is simple and expressive, typical of a child's artwork.

The Country Child

My home is a house
Near a wood
(I'd live in a street
If I could!)
The lanes are so quiet,
Oh, dear!
I do wish that someone
Lived near.

There is no one to play with
At all.
The trees are so high
And so tall:
And I should be lonely
For hours,
Were it not for the birds
And the flowers..

IRENE THOMPSON



Bed In Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way, $\times$
I have to go to bed by day. ::::



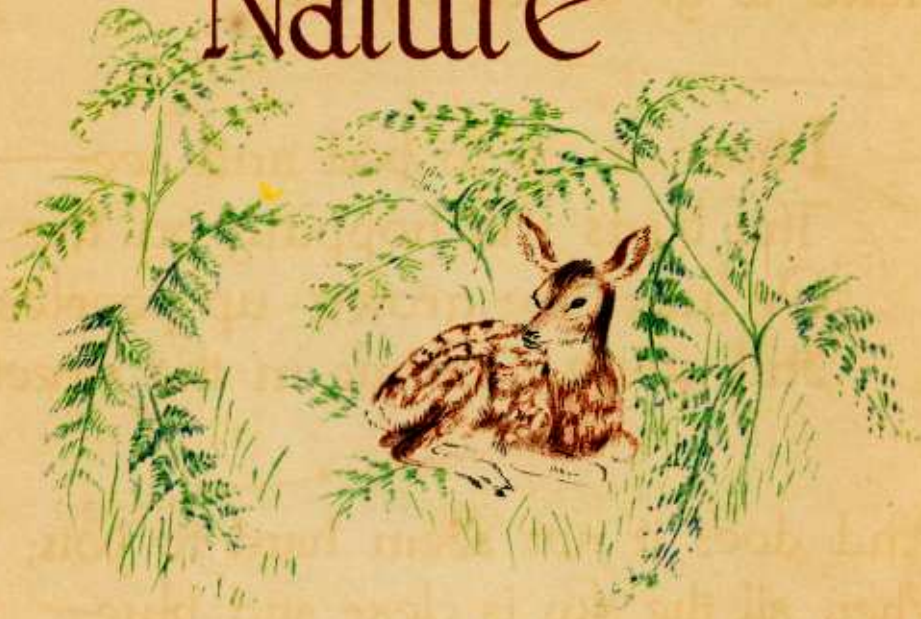
I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

R. L. STEVENSON



Nature



The Pasture



I'm going out to clean the pasture
spring,

I'll only stop to rake the leaves
away

And wait to watch the water cleat,
I may:

I shan't be gone long. - You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little
calf

That's standing by the mother.

It's so young,

It totters when she licks it with
her tongue -

I shan't be gone long. - You come too.



ROBERT FROST

The Rabbit

When they said the time to hide was mine,
I hid back under a thick grape vine.



And while I was still for the time to pass,
A little gray thing came out of the grass.

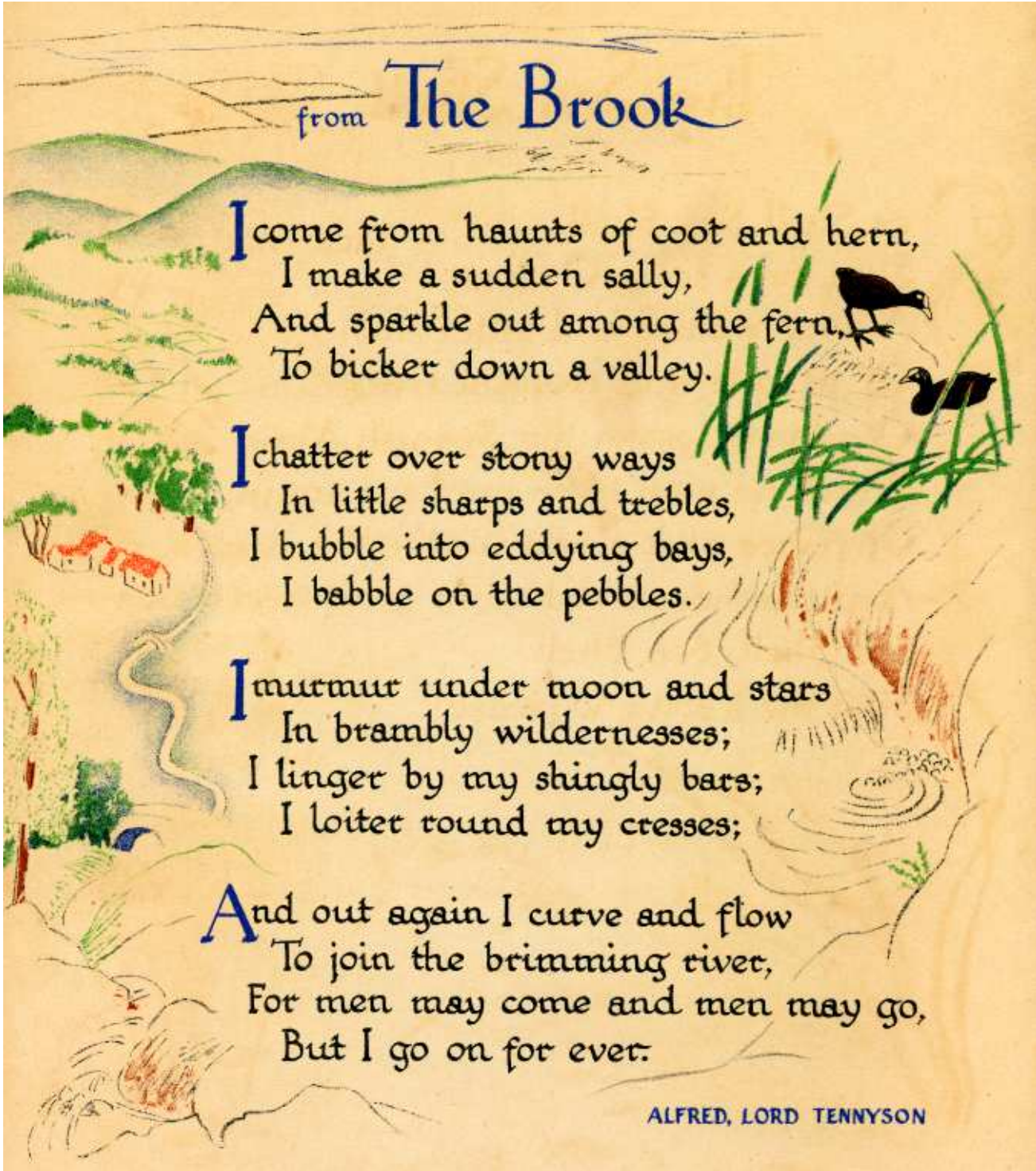
He hopped his way through the melon bed
And sat down close by a cabbage head.

He sat down close where I could see,
And his big still eyes looked hard at me,

His big eyes bursting out of the rim,
And I looked back very hard at him.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS





from The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The Sea Shell



Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships and sailor-men,
Of parrots and tropical trees;
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may see again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves -
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!

AMY LOWELL



from *Spring Morning*

Where am I going? I don't quite know.

Down to the stream where the king-cups grow -

Up on the hill where the pine-trees blow -

Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.



If you were a bird, and lived on high -
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,
You'd say to the wind when it took you away:
"That's where I wanted to go to-day!"

Where am I going? I don't quite know.

What does it matter where people go?

Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow -

Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

A. A. MILNE

The Dandelion

The dandelion is brave and gay,
And loves to grow beside the way;

The children with their simple hearts,
The lazy men that come in carts,
The little dogs that lollop by,
They all have seen its shining eye;
And every one of them would say
They never saw a thing so gay.

FRANCES CORNFORD





Autumn



Yellow the bracken,
Golden the sheaves,
Rosy the apples,
Crimson the leaves;
Mist on the hillside,
Clouds grey and white.
Autumn, Good morning!
Summer, Good night.—

FLORENCE HOATSON

White Fields

In the winter time we go
Walking in the fields of snow;

Where there is no grass at all;
Where the top of every wall,

Every fence, and every tree,
Is as white as white can be.

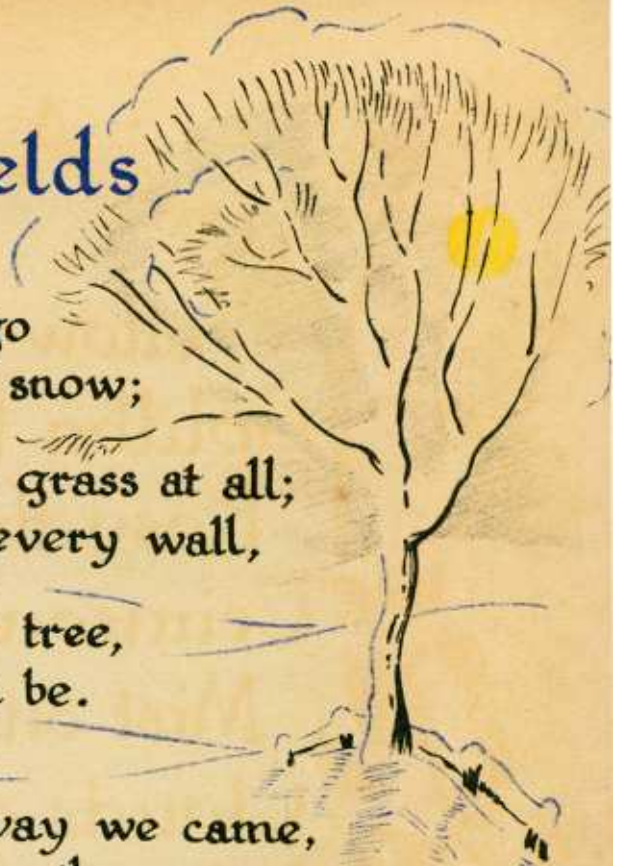
Pointing out the way we came,
- Every one of them the same -

All across the fields there be
Prints in silver filigree;

And our mothers always know,
By the footprints in the snow,

Where it is the children go.

JAMES STEPHENS



The Charcoal Burner

The charcoal-burner has tales to tell.

He lives in the Forest,
Alone in the Forest;

And the sun comes slanting between the trees,
And rabbits come up, and they give him
good-morning,

And rabbits come up and say, "Beautiful morning"...

And the moon swings clear of the tall black trees,

And owls fly over and wish him good-night,

Quietly over to wish him good-night . . .

A.A.MILNE

The Livelong Day



from **The Dumb Soldier**



When the grass was closely mown
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

R. L. STEVENSON

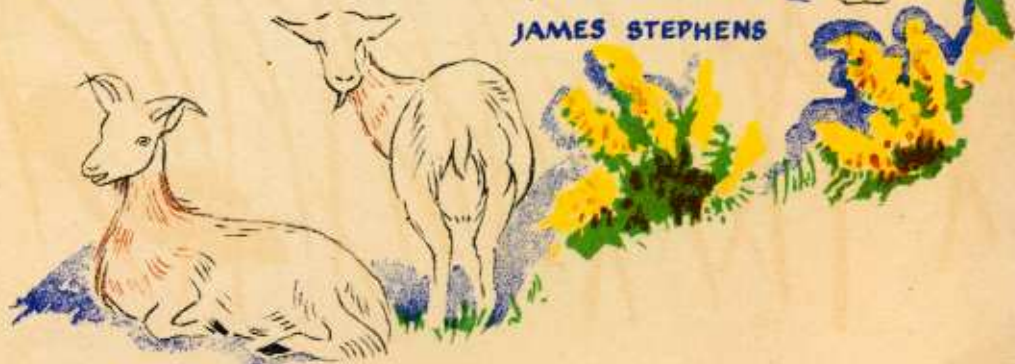


from The Goat Paths

The crooked paths go every way
Upon the hill - they wind about
Through the heather in and out
Of the quiet sunniness.
And there the goats, day after day,
Stray in sunny quietness,
Cropping here and cropping there,
As they pause and turn and pass,
Now a bit of heather spray,
Now a mouthful of the grass.

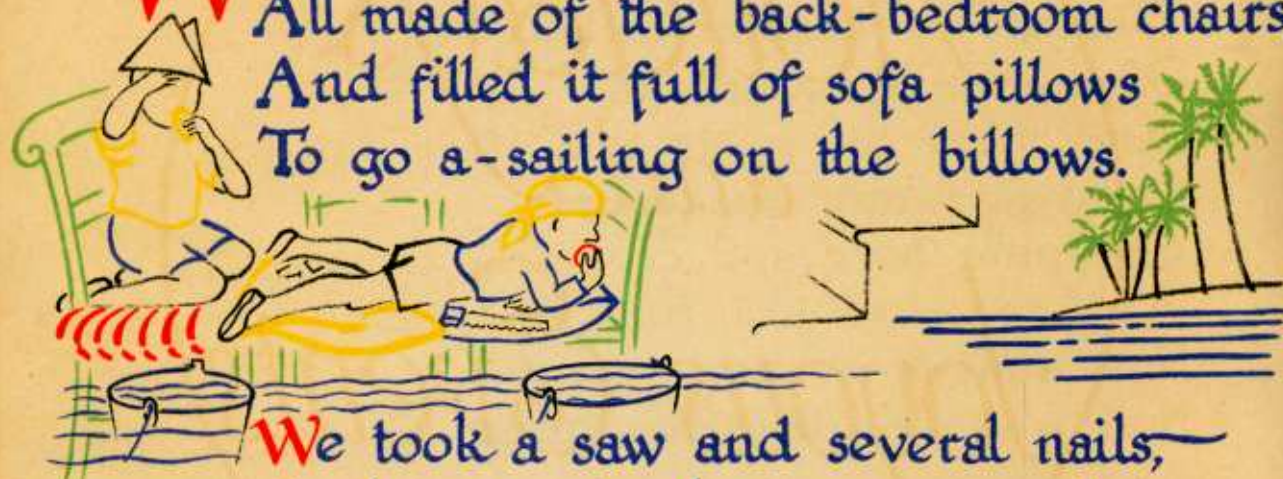
In the deeper sunniness,
In the place where nothing stirs,
Quietly in quietness,
In the quiet of the furze,
For a time they come and lie
Staring on the roving sky.

JAMES STEPHENS



from **A Good Play**

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.



We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take —
An apple and a slice of cake;" —
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

R. L. STEVENSON

Holidays
and
Joyous Events





At The Seaside

When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

R. L. STEVENSON



Haytime

It's Midsummer Day
And they're cutting the hay
Down in the meadow just over the way,
The children all run
For a frolic, and fun -
For haytime is playtime out in the sun.

It's Midsummer Day,
And they're making the hay
Down in the meadow all golden and gay,
They're tossing it high
Beneath the June sky,
And the hay rakes are spreading it out
to dry.

IRENE PAWSEY

School's out

Girls scream,
Boys shout;
Dogs bark,
School's out.

Cats run,
Horses shy;
Into trees
Birds fly.

Babes wake
Open-eyed;
If they can,
Tramps hide.

Old man,
Hobble home;
Merry mites,
Welcome.

W. H. DAVIES



from Caravans

I've seen caravans
Going to the fair!
Come along,
Come along,
Let's go there—!



Hurrah! roundabouts,
Lovely little swings,
Coconuts,
Coconuts,
Heaps of things—!

See all the animals
Waiting for the show;
Elephants,
Elephants,
Let's all go!

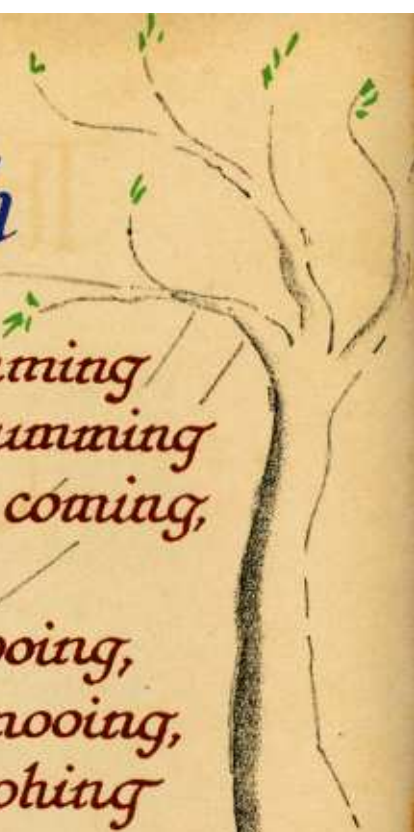


Hark! how the music plays
Ready for the fun—!
Come along,
Come along,
Let's all run.

IRENE THOMPSON

from

Noise, By Pooh



Oh, the honey-bees are gumming
On their little wings, and humming
That the summer, which is coming,
Will be fun.



And the cows are almost cooing,
And the turtle-doves are mooing,
Which is why a Pooh is poohing
In the sun.



For the spring is really springing;
You can see a skylark singing,
And the blue-bells, which are ringing,
Can be heard.



And the cuckoo isn't cooing,
But he's cucking and he's ooing,
And a Pooh is simply poohing
Like a bird.

A. A. MILNE

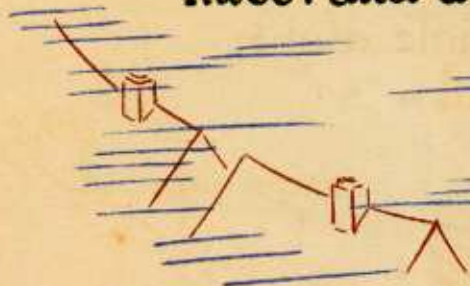
The Big World and Grown Ups



Then

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty,
A hundred years ago,
All through the night with lantern bright
The Watch trudged to and fro.
And little boys tucked snug abed
Would wake from dreams to hear—
‘Two o’ the morning by the clock,
And the stars a-shining clear!’
Or, when across the chimney-tops
Screamed shrill a North-East gale,
A faint and shaken voice would shout,
‘Three! and a storm of hail!’

WALTER DE LA MARE



from **Gypsies**



Last night the gypsies came –
Nobody knows from where.
Where they've gone to nobody knows,
And nobody seems to care!
Between the trees on the old swamp road
I saw them round their fire:
Tattered children and dogs that barked
As the flames leaped high and higher;
There were black-eyed girls in scarlet shawls,
Old folk wrinkled with years,
Men with handkerchiefs round their throats
And silver loops in their ears.
Ragged and red like maple leaves
When frost comes in the fall,
The gypsies stayed but a single night;
In the morning gone were all –



RACHEL FIELD



from The Village Blacksmith



Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



The Hurdy-Gurdy Man



here's lots of things I'd like to be,
A sailor sailing on the sea;
A soldier standing stiff and straight
Beside King George's palace gate;
A baker kneading mounds of dough;
The man who shovels up the snow;
The pilot of an aeroplane;
The engine driver on a train;
A gypsy in a caravan,
Or else a hurdy - gurdy man.



There are so many things to choose -
A blacksmith making horse's shoes;
The man who works a windmill sails;
A writer writing fairy - tales;
The man with toy balloons to sell;
The muffin man who rings a bell;
The Lord Mayor in the Lord Mayor's Show -
I'd like to be them all, but oh!
I'm going to manage, if I can,
To be a hurdy - gurdy man!



ELIZABETH FLEMING



Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

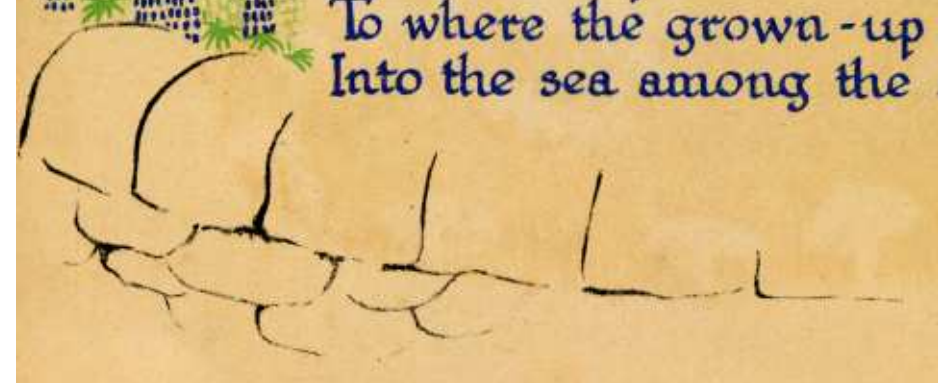


I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

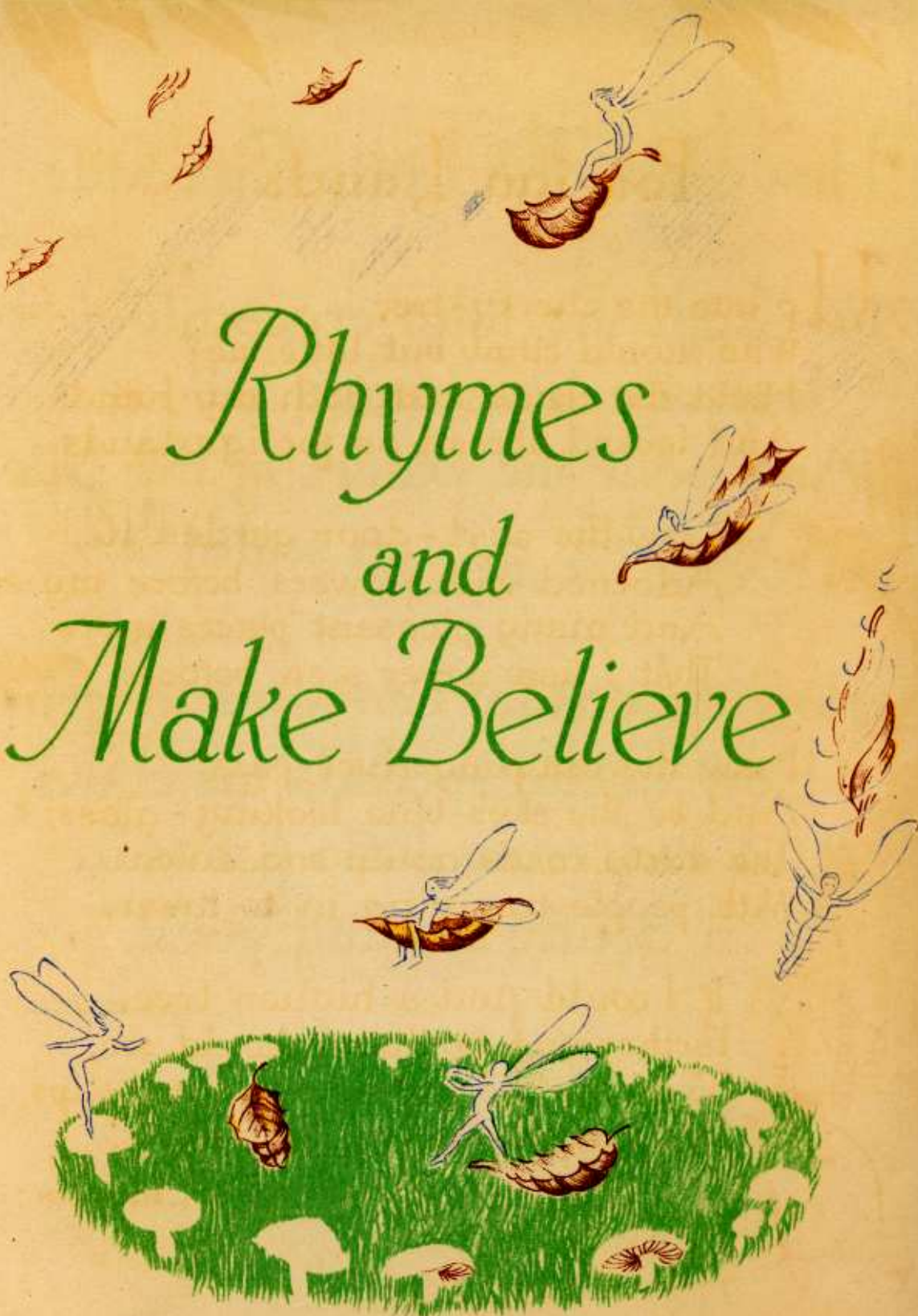
I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships...

R. L. STEVENSON



*Rhymes
and
Make Believe*

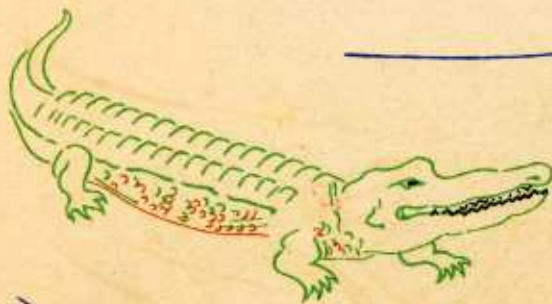


How Doth The Little Crocodile

ow doth the little crocodile—
Improve his shining tail, 
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale! 

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws! 

LEWIS CARROLL





The Owl and The Pussy-Cat



The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat——;
They took some honey, and plenty of
money

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are.'

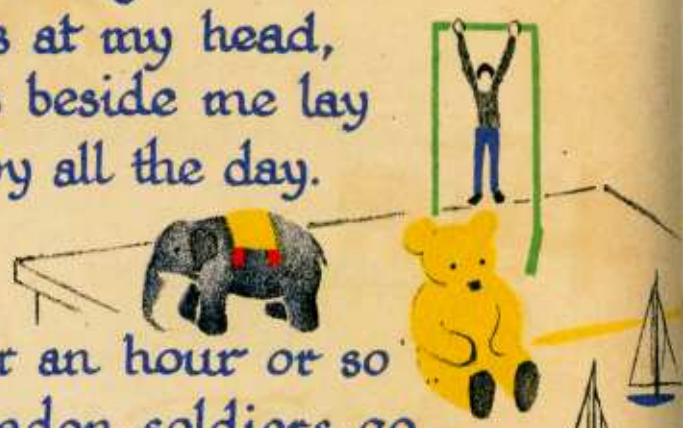
EDWARD LEAR



The Land



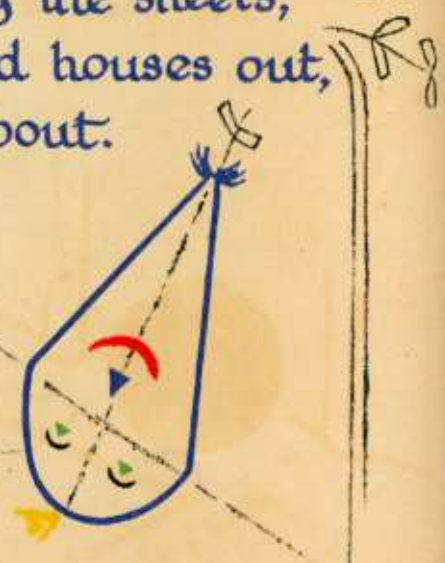
When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.



And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;



And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.



of Counterpane



I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

R.L. STEVENSON

I Had A Little Nut-Tree



HAD a little nut-tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut-tree.
I skipped over water,
I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air
Could not catch me.

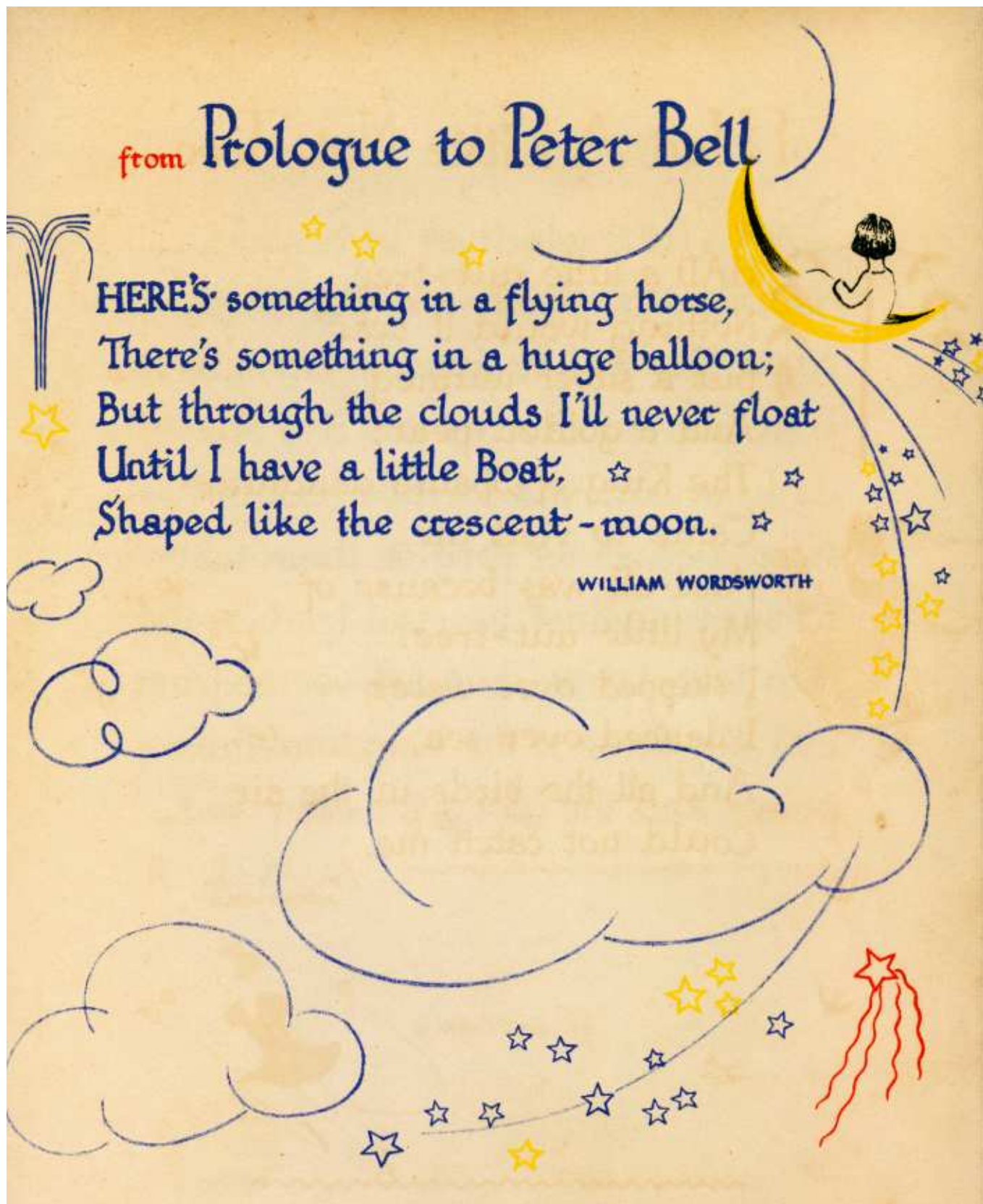
ANONYMOUS



from Prologue to Peter Bell

HERE'S something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH





OUR FATHER which art in heaven—
Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
come. Thy will be done in earth, as it
is in heaven. Give us this day our—
daily bread. And forgive us our +
trespasses, as we forgive them that—
trespass against us. And lead us not
into temptation, but deliver us from
evil: For thine is the kingdom, the—
power, and the glory, for ever and
ever—+—+—+—+— A M E N